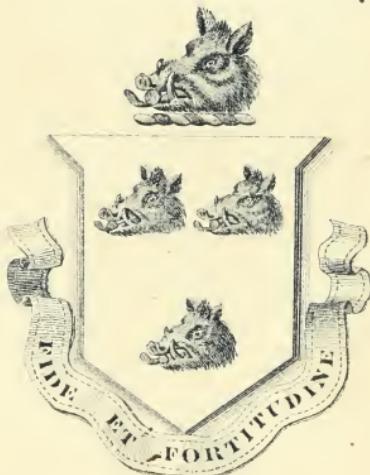


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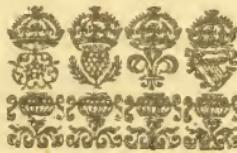
The Wonder



THE WONDER OF A Kingdome.

Quod non Dant proceres, Dabit Histrio.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.



L O N D O N :

Printed by Robert Raworth, for Nicholas Vavasour; and are
to bee sold at his Shop in the Inner Temple, neere the
Church-doore. 1636.

Barton

168.246

May, 1873.



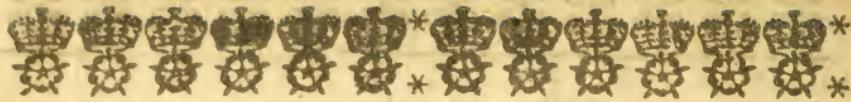
The Prologue.

THUS from the Poet, am I bid to say ;
Hee knows what Judges sit to Doome each Play,
(The Over-curios Critick, or the Wise)
The one with squint ; To her with Sunn-like eyes,
Shoothes through each scene; The one cries all things down
To her, hides strangers Faults, close as his Owne .

Las ! Those that out of custome come to jeere,
(Sung the full quire of the Nine Muses heere)
So Carping, Not from Wit, but Apish spise,
And Fether'd Ignorance, Thus ! our Poet does slight.

'Tis not a gay fute, or Distorted Face,
Can beat his Merit off, Which has won Grace
In the full Theater ; Nor can new feare
The Teeth of any Snaky whisperer ;
But to the white, and sweete unclowded Brow,
(The heaven where true worth moves) our Poet do's bow:

Patrons of Arts, and Pilots to the Stage,
Who guide it (through all Tempests) from the Rage
Of envious Whirlwindes, ô, doe you but steere
His Muse, This day; And bring her sooth' wished shore,
You are those Delphick Powers whom shee'le adore.



Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of Florence.

Prince of Pisa.

Lord Vanni.

Trebatio his Sonne.

Mutio.

Philippo. { Courtiers.

Tornelli. }

Iacomo Gentili, *The Noble House-keeper.*

Signior Torrenti, *The Riotous Lord.*

Fiametta, *the Dukes Daughter.*

Dariene, *Old Lord Vannies Wife.*

Alisandra, *her Daughter.*

Alphonsina, *sister to Tibaldo Neri.*

Cargo, *Lord Vanni's man.*

Two Curtizans.

A Nurse.

Piero the Dukes Sonne.

Gasparo his Friend.

Tibaldo Neri, Lover of
Dariene L. Vanni's wife.

Angelo Lotti, Lover of
Fiametta.

Baptista, his friend.



THE

THE
VVONDER
O F
A Kingdome.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Duke of Florence, Prince of Pisa, Nicoletto Vanni, Trebatio his sonne, Mutio, Philippo, Tornelli, Gallants, Tibaldo Neri, Alphonsina his sister, Daricne Old Vannies wife, Cargo a serving-man.

Wee surfit heere on Pleasures : Seas nor Land
Cannot invite us to a Feast more glorious,
Then this day we have sat at : my Lord Vanni,
You have an excellent seate heere; Tis a building

May entertaine a Casar: but you and I
Should rather talke of Tombs, then Pallaces,
Let's leave all to our heires, for we are old.

Nico. Old ! hem? all heart of brasse, sound as a bell,
Old? why, Ile tell your Graces; I have gone
But halfe the bridge ore yet; there lies before me
As much as I have pass'd, and I'le goe it all.

Flo. Mad Vanni still.

Nic. Old Oakes doe not easily fall :
Decembers cold hand combes my head and beard,
But May swimmes in my blood; and he that walkes
Without his wooden third legge, is never old.

Pisa.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Pisa. What is your age my Lord?

Nic. Age, what call you age?

I have liv'd some halfe a day, some halfe an houre.

Flo. A tree of threescore-yeares growth, nothing?

Tib. A meere slip, you have kept good diet my lord.

Nic. Let whores keepe diet,

Tibaldo ner'e; never did Rivers rann

In wilder, madder stremes, then I have done,

I'le drinke as hard yet as an Englishman.

Flo. And they are now best Drinkers.

Pisa. They put downe the Dutch-men cleane.

Nic. Ile yet upon a wager hit any fencers button.

Car. Some of 'em ha' no buttons to their doublets Sir.

Nic. Then knave, Ile hit his flesh, and hit your cocks-
If you crosse mine once more. (combe,

Flo. Nay be not angry.

Nic. I have my Paftees Sir: and my Passadoes,
My Longes, my Stockadoes, Imbrocadoes,
And all my Pimtoes, and Pimillioes,
Here at my fingers end .

Flo. By my faith 'tis well.

Nic. Old? why I ne're tooke Phisicke, nor ever will,
I'le trust none that have Art, and le ave to kill:
Now for that chopping herbe of hell Tobacco;
The idle-mans-Devill, and the Drunkards-whore,
I never medled with her; my smoake goes,
Out at my kitchin chimney, not my nose:

Flo. And some Lords have no chimnies but their noses.

Nic. Tobacco-shoppes shew like prisons in hell;
Hote, smoaky, stinking, and I hate the smell.

Pif. Who'd thinke that in a coale so Ashy white,
Such fire were glowing?

Flo. May not a snuffe give light?

Tib. You see it doe's in him.

Alph. A withered-tree, doth oft beare branches.

Nic. What thinke you then of me — sweete Lady?

Alph. Troth my Lord as of a horse, vilely, if he can
Neither wihy, nor wagge - Taile.

Flo.

The wonder of a Kingdome.

Flo. The Lady *Alphonina Neri*, has given it you my Lord.

Nic. The time may come I may give it her too.

Flo. I doubt Lord *Vanni*, she will cracke no Nutts,
With such a tough shell, as is yours and mine.

But leaving this, lets see you pray at Court,

Nico. I thanke your grace.

Flo. Your wife, and your faire daughter,
One of the stars of *Florence*, with your sonne,
Heire to your worth and Honours, *Trebatio Vanni*.

Treb. I shall attend your grace.

Flo. The holy knot,

Hymen shall shortly tie, and in faire bands,
Unite *Florence* and *Pisa* by the hands,
Ot *Pyametta* and this *Pisa* Duke
(Our Noble-son in law) and at this daie,
Pray be not absent.

Nic. We shall your will obey,

Flo. We heare there is a gallant that out-vies
Vs, and our court for bravery, of expence,
For royll feasts, triumphs, and revellings.

Nic. He's my neere kinsman, mine owne brothers son,
Who desperately a prodigall race doth runne,
And for this riotous humour, he has the by-name,
Signior Torrenti, a swift Head-long streame.

Flo. But ther's another layes on more then he.

Nic. Old *Lacomo*? open-handed charitie,
Sits ever at his gates to welcome guests.
He makes no bone-fires, as my riotous kinsman,
And yet his chimneis cast out braver smoake.
The Bellows which he blowes with, are good deeds,
The rich he smiles upon, the poore he feeds.

Flo. These gallants we'll be feasted by, and Feast;
Fames praises of 'em, shall make us their guest,
Meane time we'll hence. *Exit Florence, Pisa, &c.*

Enter Cargo.

Car. I have News to tell your Lordship, *Signior Angelo*
(of the *Lotti Family*) is banished.

Dari.

The wonder of a Kingdome.

Dari. How banish't? alas poore Angelo Lotti.

Treb. Why must he goe from Florence?

Cargo. Because he can stay there no longer.

Nic. To what end is he driven from the Citie?

Cargo. To the end he should goe into some other my Lord.

Nic. Hoida.

Car. I hope this is newes Sir.

Nic. What speake the people of him?

Car. As bells ring; some out, some in, all jangle, they say he
Has dealt with the Genoway against the state: but whether with
the men, or the women; tis to be stood upon.

Nic. Away Sir knave and foole.

Car. Sir knave, a new word:fooles, and knaves Sir? Exit.

Nic. This muttering long agoe flew to mine eare,
The Genoway is but a line throwne out,
But Fiametta's love, the net that choakes him.

Tre. He's worthy of her equall,

Nic. Peace foolish boy,
At these statebone-fires (whose flames reach so high)
To stand aloofe, is safer then too nigh. Exit

Enter Tibaldo Neri, and Alphonsina.

Alp. Why brother, what's the matter?

Tib. I'me ill, exceeding ill.

Alp. That's not well.

Tib. Sure I did surfeat at Lord Vannies.

Alp. Surfeat? you eat some Meate against your stomack.

Tib. No, but I had a stomack to one dish, and the not tasting
it, makes me sick at heart.

Alp. Was it fish or flesh?

Tib. Flesh sure, if I hit the marker right.

Alp. I'ft not the missing of a marke (which you long to hit)
Makes you draw sighes in stead of arrowes?

Tib. Would I had beene a thousand leagues from thence,
When I sat downe at's table, or bin partner
With Angelo Lotti in his banishment;
Oh! sister Alphonsina, there I dranke
My bane, the strongest poison that e're man
Drew from a Ladies eye, now swelling in me.

Alp.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Alp. By casting of thy water then, I guesse thou would'ſt
Have a medicine for the greene-sicknes.

Tib. 'Tis a greene wound indeed.

Alp. Tent it, tent it, and keepe it from ranckling, you are
Over head and cares in love.

Tib. I am, and with such mortall Arrowes pierc't
I shall fall downe —

Alp. There's no hurt in that.

Tib. And dye unlesse her pitty
Send me a quicke and sweete recovery.

Alp. And faith what doſtelleſſe is ſhe muſt call you patient?

Tib. Faire *Dariene*, the Lord *Vannies* wife —

Alp. How! *Dariene*? can no feather fit you but the broach in an
Old mans hatt? were there ſo many dairity dishes
To fill your belly, and muſt you needs long for that dish
The master of the house ſetts up for his owne tooth.

Tib. Could love be like a ſubject, tied to lawes,
Then might you ſpeakē this language.

Alp. Love? a diſease as common with young-gallants as
Swaggering and drinking Tobacco, there's not one
Of um all but will to day ly drawing on for a
Woman, as if they were puffing and blowing at a ſtreight boote,
And to morrow be ready to knock at deaſhes doore,
But I wo'd faine ſee one of you enter and ſet in
His ſtaffe.

Tib. You ſhall ſee me then do ſo.

Alp. I ſhall looke ſo old firſt; I shall be taken for thy gran-
dame; come, come 'tis but a worme betweene the ſkinne
And the flesh, and to be taken out with the point of a
Waiting-womans needle, as well as a great
Counteflesſe.

Tib. If this be all the comfort you will lend me,
Would you miſt leave me —

Alp. Leave thee in ſicknes? I had more need give thee a
Caudle; and thrust thy adle-head into a night-Capp,
for looke you brother —

Tib. Even what you will muſt out

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Alp. If what you will might so too, then would you be in
Tune: I warrant, if the sucket stood here before
Thee, thy stomach would goe against it.

Tib. Yes sure my stomach would goe against it:
'Tis onely that which breeds in me despaire.

Alp. Despaire for a woman? they hang about mens
Neckes in some places thicker then hops upon poles.

Tib. Her walls of chastitie cannot be beaten downe.

Alp. Walls of chastitie? walls of wafer-cakes, I have
Knowne a woman carry a fether-bed, and a man in't
In her minde, when in the streete she cast up the white of
Her eye, like a Puritane.

Tib. Sister you do but stretch me on the racke
And with a laughing cheeke increase my paine,
Be rather pitifull and ease my tormentes
By teaching me how in this dreadfull storme,
I may escape ship-wreck and attaine that shore
Where I may live, heere else I'me sure to die.

Alp. Well brother, since you will need s saile by such a
Starre as I shall point out, looke you heere it is; if she were
Your Fether-makers, Taylors or Barbers wife,
Baite a hooke with gold, and with it —

Tib. I doe conjure you by that noble blood
Which makes me call you sister, cease to powre
Poison into a wound, so neere my heart,
And if to cure Loves-paines there be an Art.
Woman me thinkes should know it cause she breeds it,

Alp. That cunning woman you take me to be, and because
I see you dissemble not, heer's my medcine.

Tib. I shall for ever thanke you.

Alp. First send for your Barber,

Tib. For heavens sake.

Alp. Your barbet shall not come to rob you of your beard,
I'le deale in no concealements —

Tib. Oh! fie, fie, fie —

Alp. But let him by rubbing of you quicken
Your spirits.

Tib. So so.

Alp.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Alp. Then whistle your gold-finches (your gallants) to your fist.

Tib. Y'ar mad, y'ar mad.

Alp. Into a Tauerne, Drinke stiffe, sweare stiffe, have your
musick, and your brace, darce, and whisse Tobacco,
Till all smake Agen, and split Sir.

Tib. You split my very heart in pieces.

Alp. And doe thus, but till the Moore cutts off her horries;
Laugh in the day, and sleepe in the night: and this wendyng
fier will be burnt out of you.

Tib. Away, away, cruell you are to kill,
When to give life, you have both power and skill. Exit.

Alp. Alas, poore brother now I pitty thee, and wo'd doe
Any thing to helpe thee to thy longing, but that a
Gap must be broken, in another mans hedge to rob
His orchard, within there *Luca Angelo*, give him
Musick:

Musick has helpt some mad-men, let it then
Charme him, Love makes fooles of the wisest men. Exit

*Enter at one doore, Angelo Lotti, and Baptista; as
the other, Piero, and Iaspere.*

Pier. Yonders that villaine, keepe off *Iaspere*:
This prey I'le cease. All draw.

Iasp. Be more advised Sir. *Bap.* At whose life shoote you?

Pier. At that slaves there.

Ang. Slave? I know you for the Dukes sonne, but I know
noc ause of quarrell, or this base reproach.

Pier. Thou art a villaine. *Ang.* Wherein?

Pier. And by witch-craft,
Had stole my sister *Fiametta* as heart,
Forceing her leave a Prince his bed for thine.

Ang. Iffor her love you come to kill me; heere
I'le point you to a doore where you may enter and fetch out a
loath'd life. *Pier. Iaspere.* *Iasp.* Oh my Lord.

Ang. Let him come, I ow her all;
And that debt will I pay her gladly.

Iasp. Deare Sir heare him——

Ang. But if on any other fier of rage;
You thirst to drinke my blood, heere I desie

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

You, and your malice; and returne the villaine
Into your throte.

Pier. So brave sir !

Change a thrust or two.

Enter Nicollecto, and Cargo.

Nico. I charge you in the Dukes name, keepe the peace ;
Beatedowne their weapons, knock em downe Cargo.

Car. I have a Justices warrant to apprehend your weapons;
Therefore I charge you deliver.

Nico. Oh my Lord : make a fray in an open streete ? 'tis to
Make a bon-fire to draw children and fooles

Together ; Signior Angelo, pray be wise, and be gon.

Ang. I doe but guard my life (my Lord) from danger.

Bapt. Sir, you doe exercise your violence
Vpon a man, stab'd to the heart with wounds ;
You see him sinking, and you set your foote
Vpon his head, to kill him with two deathes ;
Trample not thus on a poore banish'd man.

Nico. Ifhee be banish'd, why dwells hee ith' house, whose
Tiles are pull'd downe over his head ? You must hunt
No more in this Parke of Florence; why then
Doe you lie sneaking heere, to steale venison ?

Ang. My Lords , I take my last leave of you all ;
Of love, and fortunes —

Bapt. Lower thou canst not fall.

Exit.

Iasp. Trust mee, my Lord, This Lott is a man,
(Setting aside his rivall-ship in love,
For which you hate him) so abundant rich
In all the Vertues of a Gentle-man,
That had you read their file, as I haue done,
You would not onely fall in love with him,
And hold him worthy of a Princesse bed,
But grieve, that for a woman, such a man
Should so much suffer; in being so put downe,
Never to rise againe.

Nicol. A terrible case, i'de not be in't for all Florence.

Pie. Troth deare friend,
The praises which have crown'd him with thy Judgement,
Make mee to cast on him an open eys,

Which

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Which was before shut, and I pittie him.

I Never heard 'mongst all your Romane spirits,

Iasp. That any held so bravely up his head,

In such a sea of troubles (that come rowling

One on anothers necke) as Lotti doth,

Hee puts the spite of Fortune to disgrace,

And makes her, when shee frownes worst, turne her face.

Pier. No more : I love him, and for all the Dukedom,

Would not have cut so Noble a spreading Vine,

To draw from it one drop of blood ; Lord Vanni,

I thanke you that you cur'd our wounded peace,

So fare you well.

Exit.

Nico. A good health to you both.

Iasp. You play the Constable wisely. Exit

Carg. And I his Beadle, I hope as wisely.

Nico. The Constable wisely; Carg he calls me foole by craft,
But let 'em passe.

Carg. As Gentle-men doe by Creditors (muffled)

Nico. I haue another case to handle : thou know'st the *Donna Alphonfina*, of the *Neri* Familie.

Carg. The little Paraquinto that was heere when the Duke
Was feasted, shee had quick-silver in her mouth, for
Her tongue, like a Bride the first night, never lay still.

Nico. The same Aspen-leafe, the same ; is't not a Galley for
The Great *Turke* to be row'd in ?

Carg. I thinke my Lord, in calme weather, shee may set upon
A Gally-asse bigge as your Lordship.

Nico. Commend me to this *Angelica*.

Carg. *Angelica*-water is good for a cold stomach.

Nico. I am all fire. Carg. Shee's a cooler.

Nico. Would 'twere come to that.

Carg. A small thing does it my Lord ; in the time a
Flemming drinkes a Flap-dragon.

Nico. Give her this paper, and this ; in the one she may know
my minde, in the other, feele me : this a Letter, this a Jewell :
Tell her, I kisse the little white naile of her little white
Finger, of her more little white hand, of her most
Little white bodie.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Carg. Her tell-tale, for all this will I bee.

Nico. Thou hast beene my weavers shuttle to runne betwixt
me and my stoffes of Procreandi causa.

Carg. A suite of Stand-farther-off, had bin better sometimes.

Nico. No Cargo, I have still the *Lapis mirabilis*; be thou close--
Carg. As my Ladies Chamber-maide.

Nico. Away then, nay quicke knave, thou rack'ft mee. *Exit.*

Carg. I goe to stretch you to your full length. *Exit.*

*Enter Iocemo Gentili, in a suite of gray, Velvet-gowne, Cap,
Chaine, Steward, and Serving-men, Mutio, Philippo,
Tornelli, Montinello.*

Gent. Happy be your arivall, Noble friends;
You are the first, that like to Doves repaire
To my new building; you are my first-borne guests,
My eldest sonnes of hospitalitie;
Here's to my hearty wellcomes.

Mutio. Worthy Lord,
In one word, and the word of one, for all,
Our thankes are as your welcomes, Infinite.

Phil. Rome in her Auncient pride, never rais'd up
A worke of greater wonder, then this building.

Gent. Tis finish'd, and the cost stands on no score,
None can for want of payment, at my doore,
Curse my foundation, praying the roofe may fall
On the proud builders head, seeing the smoake goe
Out of those Chimneys, for whose bricks I owe.

Tor. To erect a frame so glorious, large, and hie,
Would draw a very sea of silver drie.

Mont. My Lord *Iocomo Gentili*, pray tell us,
How much money have you buried under this kingly building?

Gent. Pray call it not so:

The humble shrub, no Cedar heere shall grow;
You see Three hundred Dorick pillars stand
About one square, Three hundred Noble friends
Lay'd (in their loves) at raising of these Columnnes,
A piece of gold under each Pedestall,
With his name grav'd upon the bottome stone,
Except that cost, all other was mine owne;

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

See heere, each dayes expences are so great,
They make a volume, for in this appeates,
It was no taske of weekes, or moneths, but yeares :

I trust my steward onely with the key,
Which keepes that secret ; heere's Arithmetick
For churles to cast up, there's nhe roote of all ;
If you have skill in numbers, number that.

Mont. Good Mr. Steward read it. *Stew.* All the charge
In the grosse summe, amounteth to —

Gent. To what ?

Thou vaine vaine-glorious foole, goe burne that Booke,
No Herald needs to blazon Charities Armes ;
Goe burne it presently. *Stew.* Burne it ? *Exit.*

Gent. Away,

I lanch not forth a ship, with drums and gunnes,
And Trumpets, to proclaime my gallantry ;
He that will reade the wasting of my gold,
Shall find it writ in ashes, which the winde
Will scatter ere he spends it ; Another day,
The wheele may turne, and I that built thus high,
May by the stormes of want, be driven to dwell
In a thatch't Cottage; Rancor shall not then
Spit poysen at me, pinning on my backe
This card; He that spent thus much, now does lack.

Mont. Why to your house adde you so many gates ?

Gent. My gates fill up the number of seuen dayes,
At which, of guests, seven severall sorts Ile welcome :
On Munday, Knights whose fortunes are sunke low ;
On Tuesday, those that all their life-long read
The huge voluminous wonders of the deepe,
Sea-men (I meane) and so on other dayes,
Others shall take their turnses.

Phi. Why have you then built twelve such waste roomes.

Gent. For the yeares twelve moones ;
In each of which, twelve Tables shall be spread ;
At them, such whom the world scornes, shall be fed,
The windowes of my building, which each morne,
Are Porters, to let in mans comfort (light)

Are

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Are numbered just three hundred sixtie five,
And in so many daies the sunne does drive
His chariot stuck with beames of Burnish't gold,
My Almes shall such diurnall progresse make
As doe'st he sunne in his bright-Zodiack.

Tor. You differ from the guise of other lands,
Where Lords lay all their livings on the racke,
Not spending it in bread, but on the backe.

Gent. Such Lords eat men, but men shall eat up me,
My uncle the Lord *Abbot* had a soule
Subtile and quick, and searching as the fier,
By Magicke-stayers he went as deepe as hell,
And if in devills possession gold be kept,
He brought some sure from thence, 'tis hid in caves
Knowne (safte to me) to none, and like a spring
The more tis drawne, the more it still doth rise,
The more my heape wastes, more it multiplies.
Now whither (as most rich-men doe) he pawn'd
His soule for that deare purchase none can tell,
But by his bed-side when he saw death stand
Fetching a deepe groane, me he catch't by th hand
Cal'd me his heire, and charg'd me well to spend
What he had got ill, deale (quoth he) a doale
which round (with good mens prayers) may guard my soule
Now at her setting forth: let none feele want
That knock but at thy gates: do wrong to none,
And what request to thee so ear is made,
If honest, see it never be denay'd.

Mont. And yow'le performe all this? *Gent.* Fairc & upright,
As are the strict vowes of an Anchorite:
A benefit given by a Niggards hand
Is stale and gravily bread, the hunger-sterv'd
Takes it, but cannot eate it; He give none such.
Who with free heart shakes out but ciums, gives much.

Mont. In such a shipp of worldly cares my Lord
As you must saile now in, yow'le need more Pilots
Then your owne selfe to sit and steare the Helme.

You

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

You might doe therefore well to take a wife;

Gent. A wife? when I shall have one hand in heaven,
To write my happinesse in leaves of startes;
A wife wo'd plucke me by the other downe:
This Barke hath thus long sail'd about the world,
My soule the Pilot, and yet never listen'd.
To such a Mare-maids song: a wife, oh-setters,
To mans blest liberty! All this world's a prison,
Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jalour,
But the iron-shackles waying downe our heeles,
Are onely women, those light Angells turne us,
To fleshly devills, I that Sex admis,
But never will fit neere their wanton fier.

Mut. Who then shall reappe the golden corne you sowe?

Phi. 'Tis halfe a curse to them, that build, and spare,
and hoard up wealth, yet cannot name an heire.

Gent. My heires shall be poore children, fed on almes,
Souldiers that want limbes, schollers poore and scord.
And these will be a sure inheritance;
Not to decay: Manners and Townes will fall, Lordships and Parkes,
Lord-ships and Parkes, Pastures and woods besold;
But this Land still continues to the Lord:
No subtle trickes of law, can me beguile of this.
But of the beggers-dishe, I shall drinke healthes
To last for ever; whil'st I live, my roofe
Shall cover naked wretches; when I die,
Tis dedicated to St. Charitie.

Mut. The Duke inform'd, what trees of goodnesse grow,
Here of your planting, in true loue to your virtues;
Sent us to give you thankes, for crowning Florence,
With fame of such a subiect, and entreats you
(Vntill he come himselfe) to accept this token,
Of his faire wishes towards you.

Gent. Pray returne
my duty to the Duke, tell him I value his love
beyond all jewells in the world.

Phi. H'as vow'd ere long to be your visitant.

Gent. He shall be welcome when he comes, that's all,

The wonder of a Kingdome.

Not to a Pallace, but my hospitall.

Omes. Wee le leave your Lordship.

Gent. My best thoughts goe with you
My Steward ?

Enter Steward, and a foolish Gentle-man.

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Gent. Is the Booke fired?

Stew. As you commanded Sir, I saw it burn'd.

Gent. Keep safe that Iewell, and leave me letters from whome?

Buz. Signior Ieronimo Guydanes.

Gent. Oh sir, I know the businesse : yes, yes, 'tis the same;
Guydanes lives amongst my bosome friends:

He writes to have me entertaine you sir.

Buz. That's the bough, my bolt flies at, my Lord.

Gent. What Qualities are you furnish't w th?

Buz. My Education has bin like a Gentleman.

Gent. Have you any skill in song, or Instrument?

Buz. As a Gentleman shoo'd have, I know all, but play on
none : I am no Barber.

Gent. Barber ! no sir, I thinke it; Are you a Linguist?

Buz. As a Gentleman ought to be, one tongue serues one head;
I am no Pedler, to travell Countries.

Gent. What skill ha' you in horseman-ship?

Buz. As other Gentlemen have, I ha' rid some beasts in my
Time.

Gent. Can you write and readethen?

Buz. As most of your Gentle-men doe, my band has bin
Taken with my marke at it.

Gent. I see you are a dealer, give me thy hand ; Ile entertaine
thee howsooner, because in thee I keepē halfe a score Gentlemen ;
thy name.

Buz. Asinius Buzzard (Asinius Buzzard)

Gent. I entertaine thee, good Buzzard,

Buz. Thankes sir.

Gent. This fellow's a starke foole, or too wise,
The triall will be with what wing he flies !

Act.

Actus secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Tibaldo sicke in his chaire, Alphonsina, Mutio, Philippo,
Tornelli, Montivello.

Mut. **I**N Lawes of courtesie, wee are bound sweete Lady,
(Being thus nigh) to see you and your brother,
Our noble friend, tho' the Duke had not sent.

Alp. Thankes worthy sir.

Phil. Signior Tibaldo hath desire to sleepe.

Tor. Then leave him, Companie offends the sicke.

Alp. Our humblest dutie to my Lord the Duke;
Ifin my Brothers name, and mine, you tender
For this his noble love, wee both shall rest
Highly indebted to you all.

Mut. Sweete Madam,
You shall command our lives to worke your good.

Alp. Signior, your love.

Omnes. All at your service Madam.

Mut. A quick, and good health to your noble Brother.

Alp. And all faire fortunes doubled on your selfe. **Exit.**
So me thinkes a Lady had more need have a new paire of
lips, then a new paire of gloves, for tho' they were both of one
skinne, yet one wou'd weare out sooner then the other; I thinke
these Courtiers have al offees in the Spicerie. And taking my lips
for sweet-meates, are as lawcie with 'em as if they were Fees; I
wonder Tibalao thou canst fit still, and not come in for a share;
If old Vanni's wife had beene heere, all the parts about you had
mov'd.

Tib. Thou think'st I lie in, heere's such a gossiping, as if twere
a Child-bed Chamber.

Alp. So'tis, for Ile sweare, all this stirre is about having a wo-
man brought to bed; marry I doubt it must be a mans lying in.

Tib. I would thy tongue were a man then, to lie.

Alp. I had rather it were a woman, to tell trueth.

Tib. Good sister Alphonsina, you still play

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

The bad Phisicion, I am all on fire,
And you to quench mee, powre on scoopes of oyle;
I feele ten thousand plummets at my heart,
Yet you cry. Lay on more, and are more cruell.
Then all my tortures. *Alp.* Sadnesse, I pittie thee,
And will to doe thee service, venture life,
Mine honour being kept spotlesse.

Tib. Gentle sister,
The easiest thing ith' world to begge, I crave,
And the poorest Almes to give.

Alp. But aske and have.

Tib. A friendly counsell, loe that's all. *Alp.* 'Tis yours.
Be rul'd by me then; in an ashie shete,
Cover these glowing embers of desire.

Tib. Embers? I wo'd you felt em, 'tis a fire.

Alp. Come, and set hand to paper, Ile indite.

Tib. And shee'le condemne me; no, I will not write.

Alp. Then prethee take this Phisick; be not the sea, to drinke
strange Rivers up, yet still be drie; Be like a noble streme, co-
vet to runne betwixt faire bankes, which thou mayst call thine
owne, and let those bankes besome faire Ladies armes, fit for thy
youth, and birth. *Tib.* Against your charmes,
Witch, thus I stop mine eares.

Alp. Ile hollow them: this Deere runnes in my Lords Parke,
And if you steale it, looke to have Blood-hounds scent you.

Tib. Are you mad?

Alp. Yes, you shall finde venison-sawce deerer then other flesh.

Tib. No, no, none else must, none shall, none can,
My hunger feade but this; downe will I dive,
And fetch this Pearle, or nere come up alive.

Alp. Are all my warme cawdles come to this? now I see th'art
too farre gone, this Lady hath overspent thee, therefore settle
thine estate, plucke up a good heart, and Ile pen thy will.

Tib. Oh fie, fie.

Alp. Bequeath thy kisses to some Taylor, that hunts out wed-
dings every sunday; *Item*, Thy sighes to a noysse of fidlers ill paid,
thy palenesse to a Feneer fighting at sharpe, thy want of stomach
to one of the Dukes guard.

Tib.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Tib. I begge it at thy hands, that being a woman, thou'l make a wonder.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. What's that?

Tib. Hold thy tongue.

Alp. It's an Instrument ever plaid on, canse well strung,
Who's that come into the Chamber there? Oh, Mr. *Cargo*.

Carg. My Lord hath sent you a lewell, lock't up in this paper,
and the moisture of a goose quill, that's to say, words in that —

Alp. Oh sir, I thaake your Lord, and this your paines; have him into the Butterie — let me see, Lady, that I love you, I dare sweare like a Lord (I shall have oathes enough then) I send you all that is mine, in hope all shall bee mine that is yours; for it stands to reason, that mine being yours, yours shoule bee mine, and yours being mine, mine shoule be yours. Love me, or I die, If I die, you kill me, If you kill me, I will say nothing, but take the blow patiently. I hold my life this Lord has bin bastinado'd, out upon him rammish foxe, he stinks hither; Prethee good Brother reade.

Tib. I will.

Reades.

Alp. Is't Gander moneth with him? How the devill is my maydenhead blasted? that among such shoales of Gallants, that swim up and downe the Court, no fish bites at the baite of my poore beautie, but this tough Cods-head?

Tib. Oh fister, peace for heavens sake; heere lies health
Even in this bitter pill (for me) so you
Would play but my Phisician, and say, take it;
You are offered heere, to soiourne at his house:
Companion with his Lady.

Alp. Sr, I have you. And I goeing vpon so weightie a busynesse, as getting of children, you would ha' me pin you to my sleeve.

Tib. Most true.

Alp. You care not so I turne whore to pleasure you.

Tib. Oh Sister, your high worth is knowne full well
Gainst base assault, a Fort Impregnable;
And therefore, as you love my life, ith' sprindge,
Catch this old Wood-cocke.

Alp.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Alp. In the flame I'le fidge
My wings, unlesse I put the candle out,
That you i' th' darke may bring your hopes about.
You have wonne me. Tib. You revive me.

Alp. Have a care you cast not your selfe downe too soone now.

Tib. I warrant you.

Alp. As for my old Hick-sters artillery, I have walls of
Chastity strong enough shoothe he never so hard, to keepe him
From making any breach.

Tib. Twill be a noble-battaile on each side;
Yet now my spirits are rouzed, a stratageme
Lies hatching heere, pray helpe me noble sister,
to give it forme and life.

Alp. My best. Tib. What thinke you?
(The marke of man not yet set in my face)
Ifas your sister, or your kins-woman,
I goe in womans habit, for thereby,
Speech, free accessie, faire opportunity;
Are had without suspition.

Alp. Mine be your will;
Oh me! what paines we take to bring forth ill!
Such a disguise is safe too, since you never but once
Were seene there.

Tib. My wise sister ever. (Enter Carg.)

Alp. Send in the fellow there that brought the letter;
Why how now? doth his leggs faile him already?
A staffe for his declining age.

Carg. I have a pike-staffe of mine owne already, but I could not
Keep our your scurvy desperate hoggs-head from coming
In upon me, I me cut i' th' cock-combe.

Alb. Nothing I see is so like an old-man, as a young-
man drunke.

Carg. Or when he comes from a wench.

Alp. Before he beare your answer let him sleep.

Tib. Whil'st you laugh at what I could almost weepe. Exit.

Enter Angelo, like a Doctor, Baptista,
his man.

Ang. Deare friend, I should both wrong my faith & fortunes,
To

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

To make'em thus dance Antickes; I shall never
play the dissembler.

Bapt. Then never play the Lover;
Death for a woman, I'de be sleade alive,
Could I but finde one constant : i't such a matter
For you then to put on a Doctours-gowne,
And his flat velvet-Cap, and speake the gibbering
Of an Apothecary.

Ang. If thus disguised
I me taken all the phisicke in the world
Cannot prolong my life. *Bapt.* And dying for her,
You venture bravely, all women o're you grave
will pray that they so kinde a man may have,
As to die for'em; lay your banishment
Had borne you hence, what hells of discontent,
Had rack'd your soule for her, as hers for you?
Should you but faint, well might you seeme untrue,
Where this attempt your loyalty shall approve,
Who vertures farthest winns a Ladies-love.

Ang. How are my beard and haire?

Bapt. Friend I protest,
So rarely counterfeit; as if a painter
Should draw a Doctour: were I sicke my selfe,
And met you with an urinall in my hand,
I'de cast it at your head, unlesse you cast
The water for me, come, all's passing well;
Love which makes pale the cheeks, gives you complexion,
Fit for a fallow French-man.

Ang. I will on then,
In France I long haue liv'd; And know the Garbe
Of the French-Mounte-bankes, whose apish gesture,
Although in them I hold ridiculous,
My selfe shall practise.

Bapt. For a Doctours-man,
You see I me fitted, foote by foote I le walke,
and meeke all dangers sent against your breast.

Ang. I thanke thee noble friend; let's then to court.
The pangs a lover suffers are but short.

Exit.
Enter

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Enter Florence, Pisa, Nicolletto, Philippo, Tonello,

Piero, met by an old Nurse;

Flo. How now Nurse, how does my Fiametta?

Nurs. Oh my sweete Lord, shes at it agen, at it agen!

Flo. Who are with her? call for more helpe.

Nurs. Morehelpe! alas there's my Lady Vanni with her, and Ladies upon Ladies, and Doctours upon Doctours, but all cannot doe.

Pisa. How does it take her Nurse?

Nurs. Oh sweete Princesse, it takes her all over with a prick-ing; first about her stomacke, and then she heaves and heaves, that no one man with all his weight, can keep her downe.

Pier. At this I wonder, that her sicknesse makes her Doctours fooles.

Nic. He that she findes most ease in, is Dr. Jordan.

Flo. I will give halfe my Duke-dome for her health.

Nic. Well, well, If death do take her, he shall have the sweet-est bed-fellow that ever lay by leane mans-side.

Flo. I entreat thee Nurse be tender over her.

Nurs. Tender quoth a? I me sure my heeles are growne as hard as hoofes, with trotting for her, I le put you in one comfort.

Flo. What's that Nurse?

Nurs. In her greatest conflict sh'as had a worthy feeling of her selfe.

Flo. So, so, I me glad of it my Lord of Pisa. Under this common blow, which might have strooke the strongest heart, here pray doe not you shrinke.

Pisa. Sicknes is lifes retainer, Sir, and I
(What is not to be shun'd) bear patiently;
But had she health as sound as hath the spring,
She wo'd to me prove sickly Autumnne still.

Flo. Oh say not so,

Pisa. I finde it, for being loyall,
As the touch-needle to one starre still turning,
I loose that starre, my faith is paid with scorning.
Who then with eagles wings of faith and truth,
W'ud in her sun-beames plaie away his youth,
And kisse those flames, which burne but out mine eyes,

With

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

With scalding rivers of her cruelties?

Flo. 'Tis but her way-ward sicknes casts this eye
of slightnes on you. *Pif.* 'Tis my Lord her hate;
For when death sits even almoston her browes,
She spreads her armes abroad, to welcome him,
When in my bridall-bed I finde a grave.

Flo. Now *Mutio?* *Enter Mutio.*

Mut. There's a French-man come to court,
A profest Doctour, that has seen the Princesse,
And will on her recovery pawne his life.

Flor. Comfort from heaven, I hope, let's see this Doctour.

Enter Angelo like a Doctour, Baptista his man.

Flo. Welcome good Doctour: have you seen my daughter?
Restore her health, and nothing in my Duke-dome,
Shall be too deare for thee. How doe you Judge her?

Ang. Be me trat me Lord, I finde her a very bad lady, & no well.

Flo. Pierotake the Duke of Pisa pray and be your sisters visi.

Piero. Sir we shall, if the Duke please ——— (tants—

Pisa. The poysoned may drinke gall. *Exit.*

Flo. Attend the Duke. *Enter Cargo, with a letter.*

Caego. The party Sir.

Nico. Thou shalt have Cæsars pay — my Coach,

Car. Old January goes to lie with May. *Exit.*

Flo. Doctor I thus have singled you, to sound
The depth of my girles sicknes, that if no skill
Of man can save her, I against heavens will,
May arme my breast with patience, therefore be free.

Ang. By my tra' and fa'my Lor', me no point can play
The hound, and fawne upon de most puissant Roy in de world;
A French-man beare the brave minde for dat.

Flo. So, so, I like him better.

Ang. Me gra, tanke you, now for de maladie of de Princesse,
Me one two, tre time, feele her pulse, and ron up and downe all
De oder parts of her body, and finde noting but dat
She be trobla with le gran desire of de man.

Flo. A great desire of a man?

Ang. A my trat 'tis verament, she longa to do some ting in
Love upon le gentle home.

The wonder of a Kingdome.

Flo. Doctor thou hit'st her heart, 'tis there shee's wounded,
By a poysone Arrow, shot from a villaines hand;
One *Angelo* of the *Lotti* Familie,
And till that head be plukt out, shee will pine,
Vnlesse contrould by some deepe Art of thine.

Ang. All tings possibela me fall undergoe; mee ha read *Gallen*,
Hipocratus, *Avicen*, bat no point can peeke out le remedie for
de Madam in de bryars of love.

Flo. No medicine you say in any of them for Love.

Ang. Ayme, trat not worth a lowse, onely in my perigrination
about le grand gloabe of de world , me find out a fine trick for
make a de man, and Voman doe, dat is tickla in love.

Flo. The man and the woman doe? how doe, how doe?

Ang. To be cura, and all whole, Admirable vell.

Flo. As how pray?

Ang. Me have had under my finger a , many brave vench, and
most Noble gentle Dames, dat have bee much troubla , upon de
wilde vorme in de taile for de man.

Flo. Very good.

Ang. And bee my tra my Lord , by experement me finde dat
de heart of de man; you understanda me.

Flo. Yes, yes, the heart of the man.

Ang. Wee wee, de heart of de man being all dry as pepper a.

Flo. So so.

Ang. And rub upon de ting (vat you call it) fall make it
moulder all to crumble and dust.

Flo. Oh, oh, a Grater.

Ang. Ee by my tra you say vell , rub a de mans dry Art upon
de Grater, and drinke de powder inde pot le Vine, by de Gen-
tle-voman, and by gars-blor, she presentamently kick up de heele
at de man she lova. *Flo.* Excellent.

Ang. No point more remembra, but cry out le French poo up -
on le varlet.

Flo. So shee will hate her lover.

Ang. Be-gar, as my selfe hate le puz-cat, cry mew at my shin;
and vill have de rombling a de gut, for de other gentle home.

Flo. Thou com'st up close to me now, my brave Doctor.

Ang. Be-gar me hope so, and derfore my Lord apply le despe-
rate

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

rate Medicine, to le perilous maladie, and have dis *Angelo* be
cut in de troate, and be man-slaughtered.

Flo. You then advise me to have *Angelo* slaine.

Ang. Wee.

Flo. And then to have my daughter drincke his heart.

Ang. Wee, wee. *Flo.* Grated and dried, and so—

Ang. Wce, wee, wee.

Flo. I wo'd I grip'd it fast now in this hand,
And eat it panting hot, to teach a peasant
To climbe above his being, Doctor, hee dies.

Ang. Knocka de pate downe be-gar.

Flo. But stay, stay, hee's fled *Florence*; It will bee
A worke to find him first out, and being found,
A taske to kill him; for our Gallants speake
Much of his worth; The varlet is valiant.

Ang. No matera for dat; for two tree fourre crowne, dar be
Rascalls fall run him in on de backe-shide.

Flor. He shall be sought for, and being found, he dies.

Ang. Pray my lor' suffera le Princele and me for be in private,
Le Doctor uses for toucha doe Ooman—

Flo. Doe, so, whil'st I for *Angelo*'es death use speede,
For till I have his heart, mine owne must bleede. *Exit.*

Enter Baptista.

Ang. Oh my *Baptista*.

Bapt. I have heard the thunder aym'd at your life.

Ang. And it will strike me dead,
With a most soddaine and Invisible blowe.

Bapt. Now that you see his vengeance apt to fall,
Flie from it. *Ang.* How?

Bapt. By fayre, and free accessse,
Open your dangers to your Mistris eyes,
Where shee starke mad, so she be mad for love,
You'l bring her to her witts, if wisely now
You put her intoth' way; Gold bar'd with locks,
Is best being stolne; Steale her then.

Ang. 'Tis but a wracke at most,
Oh on what boisterous Seas is True love tost! *Exemnt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena prima.

Trumpets sounding. Enter an Vsher bare, perfuming a roome, Signior Torrenti gorgeously attyred, a company of Gallants.

Tor. His Roome smells. 1. Gal. It has bin new perfum'd.

Tor. Then 'tis your breeches, stand off-- and shines there(say you) a Sun in our horizon full as glorious, as we our selfe? 2. Gal. So cry the common people.

Tor. The common people are Rascalls, lying devills, Dung-hills, whose savor poisons brave mens fames, That Ape of greatnessse (imitating mee) I meane that slavish Lord Iacomo Shall die a beggar, If at the yeares end, His totall of expence dares equall mine ; How is his house built? 1. Gal. Admirable faire.

Tor. Faire? Ile guild mine (like Pompey's Theater). All ore to out-shine his ; the richest hangings Persian, or Turke, or Indian slaves can weave, Shall from my purse be bought at any rates ; Ile pave my great hall with a floare of Clowdes, Wherein shall move an artificiall Sunne, Reflecting round about me, golden beames, Whose flames shall make the roome seeme all on fire, And when 'tis night, just as that Sun goes downe, A silver Moone shall rise, drawne up by starres, And as that moves, I standing in her Orbe, Will move with her, and be that man ith' moone, So mock't in old wives tales; then over head, A roope of Woods, and Forests full of Deere, Trees growing downwards, full of singing quiers, And this i'l doe that men with prayse, may crowne My fame, for turning the world upside downe: And what brave gallants are Gentilies questes?

1. Gal. The Lord Iacomo Gentili feeds

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

All Beggars at his Table. *Torr. Hang Iacomo,*
My boarde shalbe no manger for poore jades
To lick vp provinder in. *2.Gal.* He welcomes souldiers.

Tor. Let souldiors beg and starue, or steale and hange.
Wo'd I had heere ten-thousand Souldiors heads,
Their sculs set all in silver, to drinck healthes
To his confusione, first invented warre,
And the health drunck to drowne the bowles i'th Sea,
That very name of Souldior, makes me shrugg,
And thinck I crawle with vermin; give me Lutes,
Mischife on drumms, for souldiors; fetch me whores,
These are mens blisse; those every Kingdomes soares,
Wee gave in charge to search through all the world
For the best Cookes, rarest musicians,
And fairest girtles, that will sell sinne for gold.

1. Gal. Some of all sorts you have *Tor.* Let me have more
Then the grand Signior, And my change as rare,
Tall, low, and middle size, the browne, and faire;
Ide give a Princes ransome now to kisse
Blacke Cleopatra's cheeke; Onely to drinke
A richer perle, then that of *Anthonyes*,
That Fame (where his name stands) might put downe mine.
Oh that my Mother had bin *Paris* Whore,
And I had liv'd to see a *Troy* on fire,
So that by that brave light, I might have dane'd
But one Lavalto with my Cartezan.

Enter fourth Gallant.

4. Gal. Patterne of all perfection breath'd in man,
There's one without, bef're your Excellence
Desires accessse. *Tor.* What creature?

4. Gal. Your owne brother,
At least hee termes himselfe so.

Tor. Is he brave? *4. Gal.* Hee's new come from Sea.

Tor. 'Tis true, that *Iason*
Rig'd out a Fleete to fetch the Golden-Fleece;
'Tis a brave boy, all Elementall fire,
His shippes are great with Child of *Turkish* Treasure,
And heere shall be delivered; marshall him in

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Like the seas proud commander give our charge—

Omnis. Sound drums, and trumpets, for my Lord away.
Vsher him in Bare and ragged. At which
Torrenti starts, his hai falls off,
offer it him.

Torr. Thou whorson pesant, know me, burne that wind-fall,
It comes not to my head that drops so low, —— Another

1. Gall. Hatts for my Lord, —— Hatt's brought in 3. or 4.

Torr. It smells of earth, stood it againe so high,
My head would on a dung-hill seeme to lie.

How now? what scar-crow's this?

Broth. Scar-crow? thy brother,
His bloud cleare as thine owne, but that it smoakes not,
With perfum'd fiers as thine doth.

Torr. Has the poore snake, a sting; can he hisse?
What beggs the rogue for? Broth. Vengeance
From the just thunderer to throw Lucifer downe;
How high so ever thou rearest thy Babell-browes,
To thy confusion I this language speake:
I am thy fathers sonne.

Torr. Ha, ha, the Skipper raves.

Broth. The aw'd Venetian on St. Markes proud-day,
Never went forth to marry the rich-sea.
With casting in her lapp a ring of gold;
In greater bravery then my selfe did freight,
A fleete of gallant youthfull Florentines,
All vow'd to rescew Rhodes, from Turkish-slavery:
We went and waded up in our owne bloods,
Till most of us were drown'd.

Torr. Faire riddance on you.

Broth. Where such a Peacock durst not spread his plumes;
We fought and those that fell left Monuments
Of unmatch't valour to the whole race of man,
They that were ta'ne, (mongst whom my selfe was chiefe)
Werē three yeeres chain'd up to the tugging o're,
See here the relicts of that misery, Chainas.
If thou wa'd st know more, reade it on my backe,
Printed with the Bulls-peezle. Torr. Hang the dogge.
What

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

What tellest thou me of Peezeles?

Broth. 'Tis thy brother tells thee so, note me.

Torr. I know thee not;

Set mastives on him, worry him from my gates.

Broth. The first unhappy breath I drew, mov'd heere,
And here I'le spend my last, e're brav'd from hence,
Heere I'le have meate and cloaths.

Torr. Kick the curre out. *Bro.* Who dares?
Take from that sumpter-horses backe of thine,
Some of those gaudie trappings to cloathe mine,
And keepe it from the keene aire, fetch me food,
You fawning spaniells.

1. *Gall.* Some spirit of the buttery.

2. *Gall.* It should be by his hunger. *Broth.* I am starv'd,
Thirsty, and pinde to th'bare bones, heere; I'le eate at thine
Owne scornewful board, on thine owne meate, or teare it from
Thy throat as 'tis chewing downe.

Torr. I'le try that; if my dinner be prepared,
Serue me in my great state along' st this way,
And as you passe, two there with pistolls stand
To kill that ravenous Vulture; if he dare thrust his tallents
Forth to make one dish his prey. *(Exeunt all.)*

Broth. Now view my face, and tho' perhaps you shalld
To owne so poore a brother, let not my heart-strings,
In sunder cracke, if we now being lone,
You still disdaine me. *Torr.* Wretch I know thee not,
And loath thy sight.

Broth. Slave, thou shalt know me then;
I'le beate thy braines out with my Gally-chaine.

Torr. Wilt murther thine owne brother?

Broth. Pride doth it selfe confound,
What with both hands the Devill strove to have bound,
Heaven with one little finger hath untyed,
This proves that thou maiest fall, because one blast
Shakes thee already, feare not, I'le not take
The whip out of your hand and tho' thou break'st
Lawes of humanitie, and brother-hood;
I'le not doe soe, but as a begger should

(Not

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

(Not as a brother) knock I at the gate
Of thy hard heart for pitty to come forth,
And looke upon my wretchednes, A shot *Knees.*
Tooreto the keele that gally where I row'd;
Sunke her, the men slaine, I by dyving scaped,
And sat three leagues upon a broken-mast,
Wash't with the salt teares of the Sea, which wept,
In pitty, to behold my misery.

Torr. Pox on your, tarry misery.

Broth. And when heavens blest-hand halde me to a shoore
To dry my wet-limbes, was I forc'd to fire,
A dead-mans straw-bed throwne into the streete.

Torr. Foh, thart infectious.

Broth. Oh remember this!

He that does good deeds, here waits at a Table,
Where Angells are his fellow servitours.

Torr. I am no Robbin-red-breast to bring strawes
To cover such a coarse.

Broth. Thou art turn'd devill, *Kizes.*

Trumpets sound. Enter an arm'd seruer, after him a company
with covered dishes: Coronets on their heads. Two
With pistolls to guard it.

Torr. Where's thy great stomach, eat, stand, let him choose
What dish he likes. —— snatches a pistoll: all flye off.

Broth. This then which I'lle carve up
On thy base bosome, see thou Tryviall foole,
Thou art a Tyrant (o're me) of short reigne,
This cock out crow's thee, and thy petty kings,
Th'art a proud-bird, but fliest with rotten wings,
To shew how little for thy scorne I care,
See my revenge turn's all to idle-aire, *Shootes up.*
It upward flies and will from thence I feare
Shoote darts of lightning to confound thee heere.
Farewell thou huge Leviathan, when th'ast drunk dry;
That Sea thou rowl'ft in, on some base shore dye.

Enter Gallants all drawne.

Omnes. Where is the Traitor?

Tor. Now the house is fiered,

You

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Torr. You come to cast on waters; barre up my doores,
But one such tattered ensigne here being spread,
Drawes numbers hither, here must no rogues be fed;
Command my carpenters invent od engines.
To manacle base beggers, hands and feete,
And by my name call'em my whipping posts;
If you spye any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, like to a furies,
(Able to fright) to such I'le give large pay,
To watch and ward for poore snakes night and day,
And whip'em soundly if they approch my gates;
The poore are but the earths-dung fit to lie
Cover'd on muck-heapes not to offend the eye. *Enter 1. Gall.*

1. Gall. Two Gentlemen sent from the *Florence Duke*,
Require speech with your Lord-ship.

Torr. Give'm entrance *Enter Matio, Philips,*
What re you? and whence come you?

Mut. From the Duke. Tor. Your busynesse?

Mut. This, same sounding forth your worth
For hospitable princely house-keeping;
Our Duke drawne by the wonder of report,
Invites himselfe (by us) to be your guest.

Tor. The honour of Embassadors be yours;
Say to the Duke that *Casar* never came,
More welcome to the *Capitoll of Rome*,
Then he to us — healthes to him — fill tich wines.

Mut. You have this wonder wrought, now rare to men;
By you they have found the golden age agen.

Tor. Which I'le uphold, so long as there's a sunne,
To play the *Alchymist*.

Abil. This proud fellow talkes
As if he grasped the Indies in each hand.

Torr. Health to your Duke. Amb. We pledge it on our knees.

Tor. I'le stand to what I do, but kneele to none.

Musick. drinke, breake the glasse, they pledge it in plate,
Which offering, both servitours refuse to take.

Tor. Breake not our custome (pray ye) with one beame,
The god of mettailes makes both gold and wine

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

To Imitate whose greatnesse; If on you, or me soe
I can bestow Wine, I can give gold too,
Take them as free as Bacchus spends his blood;
And in them drinke our health. *Mut.* Your bountey farre
Exceeds that of our *Casars*.

Tor. Casar ero, vel nihil ero:

What are Gold heapes? but a rich dust for Kings
To scatter with their breath, as chaffe by wind?
Let him then that hath gold, beare a Kings minde,
And give till his arme akes, who bravely powres
But into a wenches lap his golden shoures,
May be *Loves* equall, oh but hee that spends
A world of wealth, makes a whole world his debtor,
And such a Noble spender is *Loves* better;
That man Ile be, I me *Alexanders* heire
To one part of his minde, I wish there were
Ten Worlds, yet not to conquer, but to sell
For Alpine hills of silver, And that I
Might at one feast, spend all that treasure drie;
Who hoards up wealth, is base; who spends it, brave.
Earth breeds gold, so I tread but on my slave;
Beare backe our gratulations to your Duke.

Amb. Wee shall great sir,

Mut. Torrent; call you him; 'tis a proud rough streme or y^e s

Phil. Hee's of the *Romane* Family, indeede;

Mut. Lord *Vanni*? rather my Lord *Vanities*.

Phil. And heapes of money sure have struke him mad,

Mut. Hee'le soone pick up his witts, let him but bleedeworke
Thus many ouncies at one time; All day
Could I drinke these deare heathes, yet nere be drunke.

Phil. And carry it away most cleanly,

Mut. Not a pin the worse;
What might his father leave him? *Phil.* A great estate,
Offsome 300000 Crownes a year.

Mut. Strange hee's not begg'd, for fooles are now grownne
An admirable Cocks-combe.

Phi. Let wonder passe,
Hee's both a brave Lord, and a golden Ass.

Exit. *A Bed*

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

A Bed discovered; Fiametta upon it. Enter two Dukes, Piero,
Gallants, Nurse, Ladies, Angelo, Baptista, and
antea Fiametta.

Ang. I pray you hush all; a little hush, le faire Lady by her
owne volunteer disposition, has take a ting dat is of such a grand
operation, it shall make a de stome for slepe.

Flo. What, Noble Doctor, is the name of it?

Ang. Tis not your scuryie English Poppy, nor Mandragone,
nor a ting so danger as *Oppium*, but tis de brave ting à de vorld,
for knock a de braine asleepe.

Pisa. I am glad shee takes this rest.

Ang. Peace, be gor it is snote and snore, two mile long; now
if your grace vill please soi procure Musick, be restore as brave as
de fish.

Flo. Call for the Musicke.

Ang. Make a no noise, but bring in de Fidlers, and play sweet-

Nico. Oh out upon this Doctor; hang him, does he think to
cure dejected Ladies with Fidlers.

Ang. De grand French poo stopa de troate, pray void le
Chambera.

Flo. All, all part softly; peace Nurse, let her sleepe.

Nurs. I, I, go out of her prospect, for shee's not to bee cur'd
with a song.

Exit.

Ang. Baptista, see the doore fast, watch that narrowly.

Bapt. For one friend to keepe doore for another, is the office
now amongst gallants, common as the Law; Ile bee your por-
ter Sir.

Ang. Shee does but slumber, Fiametta, Love.

Fia. The Pisan Prince comes daggers at my heart.

Ang. Looke up, I am not hee, but Angelo.

Fia. Ha! who names Angelo?

Ang. Angelo himselfe, Who with one foote treads on the throat of death,
Whilst t' other stepps to embrace thee, thus ith shape i bold
Ofa French Doctor.

Fya. Oh my life, my soule. Hear me!

Fya. Ime now not sick, Ile have no Phisakes, But what thy selfe shall give mee.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Ang. Let not Joy confound our happinesse, I am but dead,
If it be knowne I am heere.

Fya. Thou shalt not hence.

Ang. Be wise deare heart; see here the best of men,

Faithfull Baptista ——— Fya. Oh, I love Baptista,
Cause he loves thee; But my Angelo I love bove kings.

Bapt. Madam you're spoile
Valeſle you joyne with us in the ſafe plot
Of our eſcape.

Ang. Sweete Fyametta heare me,
For you ſhall hence with us, Fya. Over ten worlds,
But Ile not hence; my Angelo ſhall not hence,
True love, like gold, is best being tried in fire;
Ile defie Father, and a thouſand deaths — for thee —

Ang. Vndone, vndone.

Knock within.

Bapt. At the Court gate, I ſee a lebbit already, to hang's both; Death! the Duke beates at the doore.

Fya. He ſhall come in; Enter Onnes. One frowne at thee, my Tragedie ſhall begin;
See Father —

Flo. I told you that I heard — her tongue —

Fya. See Father. Flo. What sweete girl?

Fya. That's Angelo, and you ſhall pardon him.

Flo. With all my heart.

Fya. Hee ſayes hee pardons thee with al his heart.

Ang. Mee Lor, be all mad, le braine crowe, and run whirabout
like de windmill failes pardon a moy, por quoy my sweete Ma-
dam, pardon your povera Doctor no conſiſtance.

Fya. Because thou art my banifit Angelo.

Flo. Starke mad. Pisa. This her recoverie

Fya. Hee is no Doctor,

Nor that his man, but his deare friend Baptista.
Has black't his beard like a Comedian
To play the Mountibanke; away, Ile marry,
None but that Doctor, and leave Angelo.

Ang. I doe pray Artely, Madam.

Fya. Leave off thy gibberishe, and I prethee speake

Thy

The wonder of a Kingdome.

Thy Native language.

Ang. Par-ma-foy all French be-gor sheebe mad as the moone.

Flo. Sweet girle, with gentle hands sir, take her hence.

Fya. Stand from mee, I must follow *Angelo*.

Fisa. Thine eyes drinke sleepe from the sweet god of rest.

Fya. Oh, you shoote poysone'd arrowes thorow my breast.

Manent Florence, Angelo, Baptista.

Flo. What strange new furie now possessesther?

Ang. Begar her Imaginashon be out a de vitts, and so dazell de two nyes, and come downe so into de bellie, and possibla for make her tinke mee or you to be le shentle-man shee lovea, and so shee takea my man for a Jack-a-nape, mee know not who.

Bapt. For one *Baptista*.

Ang. Povera garshon a my trat.

Flo. I doe beleeve you both; but honest Doctor,

Straine all thy Art, and so thou leave her well,

I care not if you call up feinds from hell.

Ang. Dar be too much devill in de body all ready be my trat
my Lor, mee no stay heere for ten hundred hundred Coronae,
she cry upon mee 'tis Master *Angelo*, you tink so not one and two
time, bat a tyrd time, you smella me out; And so cutta my troate;
adue my Lor.

Flo. Still your opinion holds to kill that villaine,

And give her his heart dried.

Ang. In de pot a vine, wee, very fine.

Flo. This gold take for thy paines to make her sownde;

There needs a desperate cure to a desperate wounde.

Exit.

Ang. How blowes it now?

Bapt. Faire, with a prosperous gale.

Ang. Poore love, thou still art strucke with thine owne fate;
My life hangs at a thred, friend I must flie.

Bapt. How, to be safe?

Ang. I will take sanctuary,

I know a reverend Fryar, in whose cell

Ile lurke till stormes blow ore; If women knew

What men feele for them, None their scornes should rue.

Enter Tibaldo in Womans attire, Alphonsina.

Alph. Is't come to this, have the walls of the Castle beeene besie-

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

ged thus long, lien open for a breach; and dare you not
Give fier to once piece? oh y'ar a proper soldyor, good
Sister, brother follow your game more close, or i'le leave you.

Tib. What wud you have me doe?

Alp. Why I would ha' you (tho' you be in womans apparrell)
to be your selfe a man, and do what you come for.

Tib. I have bin giving her a thousand on setts,
And still a blushing cheeke makes me retire;
I speake not three words, but my tongue is ready
To askeforgivenes of her.

Alp. Must thou needs at thy first encounter tell her thou art
a man, why when you walke together, cannot you begin a tale
to her, with once upon a time, there was a loving couple that ha-
ving tyred themselves with walking, sat downe upon a banck,
and kist, and embraced, and plaid, and so by degrees bring the
tale about to your owne purpose. Can you not? fie, you are the
worst at these things.

Sir. Tib. I am sister indeed.

Alp. And the more foole you indeed: you see how the old
stinking fox her husband is stil rubbing me as if I had the palsy,
Ile not have his witherd hands (which are as moist as the side of
stock-fish) lyepidling in my bosome, therefore determine some
thing, or farewell. Tib. I have deare sister, if you will but heare me.

Alp. Come on, out with't then.

Tib. Give you the old man promise of your love,
And the next night appoint him for your bed;
Rap'd with joy, he'le feigne businesse of state,
To leave his lady, and to lie alone, Alp. Very good.

Tib. Then my request shall be, that for that night
She would accept me for her bed fellow,
And there's no question sister of the grant,
Which being Injoy'd I doubt not but to manage
And carry all so even on levill ground,
That my offence shall in my love seeme drownde.

Alp. The clocke for your businesse thus far goes true; but now for me, what shall I do with the old cock in my Roost?

Tib. Sister, you have some tricke (no doubt) to keepe
Him within compasse.

Alp. No not I, I believe me, I know not what to doe with him,
unlesse

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

unlesse I should give him a little *Nux vomica*, to make him sleep away the night, but brother, to pleasure yon, he venter a joynt, and yet it troubles me too, that I should prove a Traytor to my sex, I doe betray an Innocent Lady, to what ill I know not.

But Love the author of it wil I hope Turne it quite otherwise, and perhaps it may be, So welcome to her as a courtesie.

Tib. I doubt not but it shall. Alp. We nothing can, Vnlesse man woman helpe, and woman man. Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Trumpets sounding. Enter Torrenti very brave, betwene the two Dukes, attended by all the Courtiers, wondring at his costly habit. Enter a mask, women in strang habites, i Danee. Exit. He gives jewells, and ropes of pearle to the Duke; and a chaine of gold to every Courtier. Exit. Nicholet, and be stey.

Tor. Thou art my noble kinsman, and but thy mother (Vpon my soule) was chaste I should beleewe Some Emperor begot thee, Tor. Why pray Uncle? Suppose all kingdomes on the earth were balls, And that thou held'st a racket in thy hand, To tosse em as thou wurd'st, how w'ldst thou play?

Tor. Why? as with balls, bandy'em quite away.

Nico. A tennes-court of kings could do no more; But faith what doest thou thinke, that I now think, Of thy this daysexpence? Torr. That it was braye.

Nico. I thinke thee a proud vaine-glorious bragging knave, That golden wombe thy father left so full, thou Vulture-like eat'st thorough: oh heeres trimstusse, A good-mans state, in Gartyres, strings and ruffe; Hast not a saffron shirt on too? I feare th'art Troubled with the greene-sicknes, thou look'st wan.

Tor. With anger at thy snarling must my boale Match your old greasy cod-piece?

Nico. No, but I'de have thee live in compasses,

Tor. Foole, I le be

As the sun in the Zodiack; I am he

That

The wonder of a Kingdome.

That wood take Phae tons fall, tho' I set fire
On the whole world to be heavens charioeteire,
(As he was) but one day.

Nico. Vaine riotous coekscombe,
Tha'st fier'd to mach already, Parkes, Forrests, chases,
Have no part left of them, but names and places;
'Tis voie'd abroad thy lands are all at pawnes.

Tor. They are, what then?

Nico. And that the mony went to
Entertaine the Popes great Nuntio,
On whom you spent the ransome of a king.

Tor. You lye. *Nico.* I thanke you Sr, *Tor.* Say all this true
That I spent millions, what's that to you.
Were there for every day i'th' yeare a Pope,
For every houre i'th' yeare a Cardinall;
I'd melt both Indies, but I'd feast'em all.

Nico. And leave your Curtezans bare, that leaving bare,
Will one day leave thee naked, one nights waking,
With a fresh-whore, cost thee 4000. duckets,
Else the bawd lies. *Tor.* Wert thou not mine uncle?
I'd send thee with thy frozen-beard where furies
Should sindge it off with fire-brands, touching
Wenching, that art thy selfe an old rotten whore-master.

Nico. I a whore-master? To shew how much I hate it, harke, when next thy tombles
Come to dance upon the ropes, Play this jigg to 'em.

Tor. Goe, goe, idle droane,
Thou enviest bees with ings, because thine is gone,
Plate, jewells, revenues all shall flie.

Nico. They shall.

Tor. And then Sir I'le turne pickled theefe, a Pirate,
For as I to feed Rayot, a world did crave,
So nothing but the sea shall be my grave,
Meane time that circlefew began I've runne, tho' the
Devill stand i'th' Center.

Nico. What's that circle?

Torr. The vanitie of all man-kinde be mine,

The wonder of a Kingdom.

In me all prodigalls loosenes fresh shall flowe,
Wine, harlots, surfeits, rich embroidered cloaths,
Fashions, all sensuall sins, all new coin'd oathes,
Shall feed me, fill me; Ile feast every fence,
Nought shall become me ill but innocence.

Exit.

Nico. I hope a wallet hanging at thy backe.

Who spends all young, ere age comes, all will lacke.

Exit.

Enter an Apothecary give a serving-man gold, Iacomo, Servantes in
blew-coats; Stew.Broker, Goldsmith, Torrenti's Brother, a Trumpet.

Gent. What sounds this trumpet for? *Omnis.* Dinner my Lord,
Gent. To feast whome this day are my tables spread?

St. For sea-men, wrack't, aged, or sicke, or lame,
And the late ransom'd captives from the Turke.

Gent. Cheere them with harty welcomes in my name, -

Attend them as great Lords, let no man dare,

To send'em sad hence, bounty shall be plac'd

At the boards upper end; For Martiners

Are clocks of danger that do ne're stand still,

Their dialls-hand ere points to th stroke of death,

And (albeit seldom windleſſe) loose their breath;

I love'em, for they eat the dearest bread,

That life can buy, when the elements make warrs;

Water and aire, they are sav'd by their good stars.

And for the gally-slaves, make much ofthose, love that man
Who suffers onely for being christian; What suiters waite?

St. Come neare, one at once, keep back pray.

Bro. A sorry man, a very sorry man. *Gent.* What makes thee sorry?

Brok. All I had is burnt, and that which touches me to the
quick, a boxe of my sweete evidence my Lord.

Gent. Show me some prooſe of this.

Brok. Alas too good prooſe, all burnt, nor stick, nor stone, left.

Gent. What wodſt have me doe?

Brok. Bestow but a bare 100.l. on me, to ſet me up.

Gent. Steward deliver him a 100.l. *Brok.* Now all the —

Gent. Nay kneele not Sir, but heare me. *Brok.* Oh my hony Lord!

Gent. Faces are ſpeaking pictures, thine's a booke,

Which if the leafe be truly printed ſhews

A page of close diſtambling. *Brok.* Oh my Lord!

The wonder of a Kingdome.

Gent. But say thou art such, yet the monie's thine,
Which I to Charicie give, not to her Shrine ;
If thou chearst me, thou art cheated ? how ? th' hast got
(Being licorish) rats-bane from a gally-pot,
Taking it for sugar; thou art now my debtor,
I am not hurt, nor thou I feare, much better ; farewell.

Enter lame legg'd Souldier.

Soul. Cannons defend me, Gun-powder of hell,
Whom doest thou blow up heere ?

Break. Some honest scullar, row this lame dog to hanging.

Gent. What noise is that ? Stew. My Lord calls to you.,

Soul. Was there ever call'd

A devill by name from hell ? then this is one.

Gent. My friend, what is hee ? Soul. A Citie pestilence,
A moath that eates up gownes, doublets and hose,
One that with Bills, leades smocks and shirts together
To linnen close adultery, and upon them
Strowes lavender, so strongly, that the owners
Dare never smell them after; hee 's a broaker.

Gent. Suppose all this, what hurt hath hee done thee ?

Soul. More then my limbs losse; in one weeke he ate
My wife up, and three children, this christian Jew did ;

Ha's a long lane of hellish Tenements,

Built all with pawnes. Gen. All that he had is burnt.

Soul. He keepes a whore indeede, this is the Raven,
Cryed knocke before you call, he may be fir'd,
His lowrie wardropes are not; to this hell-hound
I pawn'd my weapons to buy browne bread
To feede my brats and me; (they forfeited)
Twice so much as his money him I gave,
To have my Armes redeem'd, the griping slave
Swore (not to save my soule) vnlesse that I
Laid downe my stumpe heere, for the Interest,
And so hop home. Gent. Vnheard of villaine !

Broker, is this true ? Brok. Twere sinne my Lord, to lie.

Gent. Souldier, what is't thou now crau'st at my hands ?

Soul. This my Pitition was, which now I teare,
My suite here was, When the next place did fall,

The wonder of a Kingdome.

To be a Beades-man in your Hospital:
But now I come most pitiously complaining
Against this three-pile rascall, widowes decayer,
The Orphans beggerer, and the poores betrayr;
Give him the Russian law for all these sinnes.

Gent. How? *Soul.* But one hundred blowes on his bare shins
Br. Come home and take thine Arms. *So.* Ile have those leggs

Gent. Broaker, my soule forelaw goods thus ill got,
Would as ill thrive, you ask'd a hundred pound,
'Tis yours; but crafty Broaker, you plaid the knave
To begg, not needing. This man now must have
His request too, 'tis honest, faire, and just,
Take hence that varlet therefore, and on his shinnes,
In ready payment, give him an hundred blowes.

Broak. My Lord, my pitifull Lord.

Soul. I must bestirre my stumps too. Justice, my Lord.

Gent. I will not ravill out time; Broaker, I offer you
A hundred for a hundred. *Soul.* That's his owne usury.

Gent. A hundred pound, or else a hundred blowes,
Give him that money, he shall release you those.

Brok. Take it, and mayst thou rot with't. *Exit.*

Soul. Follow thee thy curse,
Wo'd blowes might make all Broakers still disburse.

Gent. What next? *Serv.* The Party sir: *Gent.* What party sir?
If honest, speake, I love no whisperer.

Serv. This Gentleman is a great shuter.

Gent. In a Long-bow? how farre shoothes hee?

Serv. To your Lordship, to be your Apothecary.

Gent. Vmph; what spie you in my face, that I shod buy
Your druggs and drenches? beares not my cheeke a colour
As fresh as any old mans? doe my bones
Ake with youth's ryorts? or my blood boile hot
With seavers? or is't num'd with dropsies, cold
Coughes, Rhumes, Catarrhes, Gowts, Apoplexie fits?
The comission dares of age, on me never ran,
Nor Galenist, nor Paracelsian,
Shall ere reade Philicall Lecture upon me.

Apos. Two excellent fellowes my Lord.

Gent.

The wonder of a Kingdome.

Gent. I honour their profession,
What the Creator does, they in part doe,
For a Phisician's a man-maker too, —— but honest friend,
My kitchin is my Doctor, and my Garden,
Trustie Apothecarie; when they give me pills,
So gently worke they, I'me not choak'd with bills,
Which are a stronger purge then the disease.

Apo. Alas my Lord, and 'twere not for bills, our shops wo'd

Gent. Sir, I beleieve you, bills nor pills Ile take; (downe.
I stand on sicknes shoare, and see men lost
From one disease to another, at last lost;
But to such seas of sursetts, where they're drown'd,
I never ventering, am ever sound.

Apo. Ever sound my Lord? if all our gallants sho'd bee so, Doctors, Pothecaries, and Barber-surgeons, might feed upon Onions and Butter-milke; ever sound! a brave world then.

Gent. 'Tis their owne fault, if they feare springs or falls,
Wine-glasses fill'd too fast, make urynalls;
Man was at first bothe sound, and hee growes ill
Seldome by course of nature, but by will —
Distempers are not ours, there should be then
(Were wee our selues) no Phisicke, men to men
Are both diseases cause, and the disease,
I'me free from (thankes good fate) either of these.

Apo. My 50. Crownes. Ser. Not I.

Apo. No, must I give you a Glister? Ser. Hift, hift.

Apo. If your Lordship will not allow me minister to your selfe,
pray let me give your man a purgation.

Ser. Me a Purgation? my Lord, I'me passing well.

Gent. Him a Purge, why?

Apo. Or rather a vomit, that hee may cast up 50 Crownes —
Which he swallowed as a Bribe to preferre me.

Gent. My health is bought and sold sir then by you,
A Doctor baits you next, whose mesh of potions
Striking me full of vleers, a gibberish Surgeon,
For 50. Crownes more, comes to drawe my will,
For mony, slaves their Soveraignes thus kill;
Nay, nay, so got, so keepe it; for his Fifty,

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Give him a 100. Crownes, because his will
Aym'd at my health I know, and not at ill :
Fare you well sir. *Apo.* Who payes mee sir ?

Ser. Follow me, I sir. *Exit Ser. & Apothe.* Enter Gold-smith.

Gold. The fellow, my Lord, is fast. *Gent.* What fellow sir ?

Gold. The thiefe that stole this Iewell from your honour,
Hee came unto my stall my Lord.

Gent. So. *Gold.* And ask'd mee

Not the fourth part in money it was worth,
And so smelling him out. *Gent.* You did.

Goldf. I did sir,

Smell him out presently, and under hand
Sent for a Constable, examined him,
And finding that he is your Stewards man,
Committed him to th' Iale.

Gent. What money had hee upon this Iewell of you ?

Goldf. None my good Lord, after I heard it yours.

Gent. Else you had bought it,
And beene the thiefe's receiver, y'ar a varlet,
Go to, a fawcie knave; if I want money;
And send my servants servant (cause the world
Shall not take notice of it) to pawn, or sell
Iewells, or Plate, tho' I loose halfe in halfe,
Must you sir, play the Marshall, and commit him,
As if he were a rogue ; goe and release him,
Send him home presently, and pay his fees, doe you see sir.

Gold. My Lord, I do see. *Gent.* Least by the Innocent fellow,
I lay you fast byth' heeles, doethis y're best ;
You may be gone.

Gold. Heere's a most excellent feast. *Exit.* Enter Steward.

Gent. Harke you, the Duke of Florence sent me once
A Iewell, have ye 'it ? For you laid it up.

Ste. My Lord, I have it. *Gent.* Are you sure you have it ?
Why change you colour? Know you this? doe you know
Your man, you sent to sell it? You belike
Thought in my memory it had beene dead,
And so your honesty too came buried,
'Tis well, out of mine eye; what wo'd you with mee?

The wonder of a Kingdome.

Enter Brother, to Torrengt.

Broth. Yoar pitty on a wretch late wrackt at sea,
Beaten a shore by penury, 3.yeares a Turkish
Gally-slave. *Gent.* Your birth?

Broth. Such Sir,
As I dare write my selfe a gentlema,
In Florence stood my cradle, my house great,
In mony, not in mercy; I am poore,
And dare not with the begger passe their doore.

Gent. Name them, they shalbe forc't to thy relief.
To steale compassion from them like a thiefe,
Good my Lord pardon me, under your noble wing,
I had rather sit then on the highest tree sing,
That shadowes their gay buildings..

Gent. Young man I doe commend thee, where's my steward?
Give me thy hand, I entertainge thee mine,
Make perfect your accounts, and see the books deliver'd
To this Gentleman. *St.* This poore rogue Sir?

Gent. Thou art a villaine, so to tearme the man,
Whom I to liking take; Sir I discharge you;
I regard no mans out-side, 'tis the lincings
Which I take care for.

St. Not if you knew how louzie they were.

Gent. Cast not thy scorne upon him, prove thou but just,
Ile raise the Cedars spring out first from dust. *Exit.*

Enter Niccolotto, Darsene. Alphons. Alisandra, Tibaldo, Cargo.

Nic. Madam this night I have received from court,
A booke of deepe import, which I must reade,
And for that purpose will I healone.

Dar. Be Mr. of your ownecontent my Lord,
Ile change you for some femall bed-fellow.

Nic. With all my heart. *Tib.* Pray madam then take me.

Nic. Doe prethee wife. *Dar.* And Sr. she is most welcome.

Nic. W'ld I were at it, for it is a booke,
My fingers itch till I be turning o're;
Good rest faire *Alphonsina* you're not faile.

Alp. No, feare me not. *Nic.* All all to bed, to bed.

Alp. Mine eyes are full of sleep; Ile follow you.

Exit.
Dar.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Dar. I to my closet, and then bed-fellow
Expect your company. Tib. I will be for your Lady.

Aleff. Madam so please you forfeit to my mother,
And let your selfe and I be bed-fellowes.

Tib. Deare heart I humbly thanke you, but I must not.

Aleff. Lady I rather wish your company,
Because I know one maiden best conceales,
What's bosom'd in another: but Ile waite
With patience a time fitting. Tib. Worthy Lady,
This time is yours and mine. Aleff. Thus I begin then,
And if I cannot weeke relief from you,
Let me at least win pitty, I have fixt
Mine eye upon your brother; whom I never
But once beheld here in this house, yet wish
That he beheld me now and heard me;
You are so like your brother, that me thinkes I speake to him,
And that provokes a blush to affaile my cheeke;
He smiles like you, his eyes like you; pray Lady
Where is the gentleman? 'twas for his sake
I would have lien with you, wo'd it were as lawfull to fellow
nights with him. Tib. Troth I do wish it.

Aleff. And if in this you inrich me with yonr counsell, Ile
Be a gratefull taker. Tib. Sure my brother
Is blest in your affection, and shall have
Good time to understand so.

Dar. Aleffandra within. Aleff. Madam.

Dar. A word, come quickly. Exit.

Tib. O ye heavens! how strangely one houre works upon an
other. It was but now heart-sick, and long'd for meat,
Which being set before me I abhorre.

Alp. Brother. Enter Alphonsina.

Tib. What frights you thus from your chamber?

Alp. Such a fury as thou. Tib. How now? hast lost thy witts?

Alp. Ile sweare thou hast, for thou hast candled
Thy sweete but poysous language to dishonour
Me thy most wretched sister, who no better then a vyle
Instrument to thy desires, deserves to be stild,
Baud, worse then the bauds.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Who every day i'ch'weeke shake hands with hell.

Tib. Ha' patience dearest sister; I protest,
By all the graces that become a man,
I have not wrong'd *Dariene* nor her Lord.

Alp. Thou shalt not then by heaven.

Tib. By all goodnes, not
With a well blush discouerie faire *Alissandra*
Supposing me your sister hath discover'd
The true pangs of her fancy towards *Tibaldo*,
And in it crav'd my aide, which heard, Even then,
My Brutish purpose broke its neck, and I
Will proue the daughters husband, that came hither,
A traytour to the Mother. *Alp.* My noble brother,
Our doings are alike, for by *Trebatio*
(Whome I with honour name) his fathers foulenes shall be
Cut off and crost. *Tib.* Get to your chamber;
No longer will I play the womans part,
This night shall change my habit with my heart. Exit.

Enter *Nicoletti* with a light.

Nichol. In this chamber she lies, and that's her window, wo'd
I were in: the aire bites, but the bit that I shall bite anon sharpens
my stomach, the watch-word is a cornet, (Cornet within) it
speakes, she bids me come without a lighr, and reason, shes light
enough herselfe; wincke thou one-eyed baud, be thou an em-
bleme of thy Mr. and burne in secret. Enter *Alphonsina*, above.

Alp. My Lord.

Nic. What sayes my most moist-handed sweete Lady.

Alp. Who is there with you?

Nico. No christian creature, I enter *solus*.

Alp. I feare I must entreate you to stay a little.

Nic. As long as thou desir'st, but wilt come downe?

Alp. I would be loth to loose all upon rest,

Nic. Shall I mount then?

Alp. For mine honour being once crack't.

Nic. Crack a pudding: Ile not meddle with thine honour.

Alp. Say you should get me with childe.

Nic. I hope I am not the first: Lord has got a lady withchilde,

Alp. Is the night hush't?

Alp.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Nic. Ther's nothing stirring, the very mice are a sleepe, as I am noble, Ile deale with thee like a gentleman.

Alp. Ile doe that then, which some Citizens will not doe, to some Lord. *Nico.* What's that?

Alp. Take your word, I come. *Nico.* Vd's my life!

Alp. What's the matter sir? *Musickewithin.*

Nico. I heare a lute, and sure it comes this way.

Alp. My most lov'd Lord, step you aside, I would not have you feene for the saving of my right hand, preserve mine honour, as I preserve your love. *Enter Trebatio with Musick.*

Nico. Pox on your Catts guts.

Alp. To an unworthy window, who is thus kind?

Treb. Looke out of it, and 'tis the richest casement
That ever let in Ayre. *Alp.* Trebatio.

Treb. I, my most faire Mistris. *Alp.* Neither of both good sir;
Pray play upon some other, you abuse mee,
And that which seemes worse, in your fathers house.

Nico. Brave girl.

Alp. But you are young enough to be forgiven,
If you will mend hereafter, the night has in it
Vnwholsome foggs, and blasts; to bed my Lord,
Leaft they attach your beautie: nothing more,
Ile pay you for your song. *Exit.* *Treb.* Are you gone so?
Well, you hard-hearted one you shall not ever
Be Lady of your selfe—away. *Exit.* *Enter Cargoruming.*

Car. Oh my Lord, I have stood Centinell as you bad me, but
I am frightened. *Nico.* With what?

Carg. The Night-mare rides you, my Lady is conjured up.

Nic. Now the devill lay her down, prevented in the very Act.

Carg. She workes by magick, and knowes all. *Enter Dariene.*

Dari. Doe you shrinke backe my Lord? you may with shame;
Have I tane you napping my Lord?

Nico. But not with the manner my Lady.

Dar. Have you no bird to flie at, but what fits on your owne
sonnes fist? *Nicho.* How! my sonnes fist? (Harlot

Darie. Yes, the Lady whom you wrought to have bin your
Your sonne has long since wonne to be his bride,
Both they and I have this night exercis'd

The wonder of a Kingdome.

Our witts to mocke your dotage. *Nico.* Am I then gull'd?

Dare. Yes my Lord, and bull'd too, yonders *Tibaldo Neri* come this morning. *Dare.* So early, Is his sister with him?

Car. Not that I saw, but I saw him kisse my yong Mistris, three or foure times, I thinke, twere good to aske the banes of Matrimony. *Nico.* Wo't twere no worse, let's in, and give 'em the mornings Salutation. *Dare.* Ile tell him all.

Nicho. Sweete Lady, seal my pardon with a kisse,
He ne're was borne, that never did amisse.

Excus.

Athus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Florence, Piero, Pisa, Mutio, Tornelli, Philippo.

Pier. Ir, I have found *Angelo* with long and busie search.

S

Flo. And will he come?

Pier. Your honour(as you charg'd me) I impawn'd
For his safe passage.

Flo. By my life hee shall; when will hee come?

Pie. My friend brings him along.

Flo. Philippo Mutio, goe and perswade our daughter
To walke, and take the ayre.

Pisa. Ile play that Orator.

Exit.

Flo. Attend the Duke of *Pisa*; prethee *Piero*,
Discover where this *Angelo* lay lurking.

Pie. The world he has shut up, and now the booke
He readeas, is onely heere, see where he comes.

Enter Angelo as a Fryar, Fyametta.

Flo. Way for my daughter; looke you, there's *Angelo*.

Fya. Ha? yes, tis the starre I saile by; hold me not,
Why doe you sticke like rocks, to barre my way,
And utterly to wracke mee? *Flo.* Art thou mad?

Fya. Yes, I am mad, oh my best life, my soule! *Runnes to him.*

Ang. Whom seeke you Lady?

Fya. Doe you not know me sir? *Ang.* Yes.

Fia. Doest thou not love mee? *Ang.* Yes.

Fya. At very heart? *Ang.* Yes, at the very soule.

Fya. Burnes not your love,

With that most holy fire, the god of marriage.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Kindles in man and woman? Ang. Noe.

Fia. Ha, no? Flo. Hee sayes no.

Fia. Then so, quod dedi perdidii.

Ang. How can I love you Lady?

I have clim'd too many of such fruitlesse trees.

Fia. Have you indeede?

Ang. Yes, and have pñll'd the apples.

Fya. Now I beshrew your fingers.

Ang. And when I touch'd 'em, found 'em turn'd to dust,

Why should you love me? I have chang'd my pleasure

In beautious dames, more then I have my dreames,

Foure in one night. Flo. Hee'le prove a lustie Larrence;

This is the starre you sayle by tho.

Ang Why should you love me? I am but a Tombe,
Gay out-side, but within, rotten and soule.

Fia. Ile sweare th'art most diseas'd, even in thy soule;
Oh thou, thou most perfidious man alive,
So prosper, as my poore sicke heart doth thrive;
Give me thy hand, I hate thee, fare-thee-well.

Come, I make thee my heaven, wer't once my Hell. To Pisa.

Pisa. I'me rap't above the spheares, Ioy strikes me dumbe.

Flo. T'hast lent unto mine age a score of yeares,
More then ere nature promis'd, by thy loving
This Noble Prince; th'art his then?

Fya. His—to prove it; hence
Thou from mee; ne're more behold mine eyes.

Ang. Now finde I, that a Loversheart last dies. Exit.

Flo. I, I, so, so; If it die, it shall be buried.

Fya. Good reverend Sir, stay you, and as you witnessse
This my divorcee, so shall you seale my contract.

Fryar. I will, your pleasure. Flo. Fyametta,
Make choice thy selfe of thine owne wedding day.

Fya. To morrow beit, Loves poysen is delay,
Gallants, pray stirre betimes, and rowse your Mistresses;
Let some invite Lord Vanni and his Lady;
Wee dine to day with Lord Iacomo,
Thither let's hasten: Sir, this holy man,
Shall be this night my confessor; about mid-night,

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Expect my sending for you. Fryer. Your devotion Commands my service. W'are least i'th fryers stead. The Prince be your confessor; girlē prepare To play the bride to morrow, and then being laid, One night past o're, thinke nere to rise a maide.

Exit.

Trumpets sounding services carried coverd over the stage, Poore attending Torrenti one, then enter Iacomo bare betwixt the two Dukes, Piero, Philippo, Tornelli, Mutio.

Flo. No more of complement, my Lord Gentili; Such noble welcomes have we had this day, We must take blushing leaves, cause we can pay Nothing but thanks.

Gent. That's more then the whole debt comes to, Ne're saw I tables crown'd with braver store; I know no man that spends, nay nor gives more, And yet a full sea still: why yonder fellow, The brave mock-prodigall has spent all indeed, He that made beggers proud, begs now himselfe for need.

Gent. But who releeves him now? none, for I know He that in riotous feasting, wastes his store, Is like a faire tree which in sommer bore Bougheſ laden till they crackt, with leaves and fruite, Whose plenty lasting, all men came unto 't; And pluckt and filld their lapps and carry away; But when the bougheſ grow bare, and leaves decay: And the great tree stands saplesſe, wither'd dry, Then each one casts on it a scornfull eye, And grieves to see it stand, nay do not greeve, Albeit the Axe downe to the roote it cleave; The fall of such a tree, will I beware, I know both when to spend, and when to spare.

Flo. 'Tis nobly spoke. *Pisa.* Nay good my Lord make hast.

Pier. Here's a childe lost i'th staying. *Flo.* Get zat night for't. What is the bride yet drest? *Pier.* She's rigging Sir.

Flo. 'Tis well. musicke? from whence? What chambers that? *Mut.* It loynes close to the Lodgings of the bride. *Flo.* Inquire. If she be ready, *Mutio*, say her bride-groome

Attend

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Attends on her below.

Mut. I shall my Lord.

Fiametta above.

Pier. Tarry, she looks her selfe out. *Flo.* Come, come loiterer;

Fia. Faire welcome to your grace, and to that Prince,
That should have bin my bridegroome.

Flo. Should ha beene? *Pier.* Is the Moone chang'd already?

Fia. In her changes the

Moone is constant, man is onely varying,
And never in one Circle long is tarying,
But one man in the moone at once appeares,
Such praise (being true to one) a woman beates.

Flo. Take thou that praise, and to this Prince be true,
Come downe and marry him. *Fia.* What would the world say,
If I should marry two men in one day?

Flo. That villaine has bewitch't her. *Pier.* Sir what villaine?

Flo. That slave, the banish't runnagate.

Pier. Cast not on him
Such soule aspersions, till you know his guilt;
Even now you said he was a worthy spirit,
Crown'd him with praise, and do you now condemne
An absent man unheard? *Flo.* Ile hang thee traitor.

Pisa. Locke all the gates of Florence, least he scape.

Flo. Our pardon, whosoever takes and kill him.

Pier. Oh! who would trust in Princes, the vaine breath,
Who in a minute gives one man life and death?

Fia. Come forth thou threatned man, here kill him all,
Lower then what you stand on, none can fall. *Angelo above.*

Ang. I now must stand your arrowes, but you shoothe
Against a breast as innocent—

Flo. As a traytors. *Ang.* Your patience Sir,

Pisa. Talk'st thou of patience? that by thy most perfidious—

Ang. Hearre me pray.

Enter frier above.

Or if not me, heare then this reverend man.

Pisa. VVhat makes that Fryer there?

Pier. Father speake your minde.

Fryer. I was enjoyned to be her confessor,
And came, but then she wounn me to a vow,
By oath of all my orders, face to face,

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

To heare her speake unto *Angelo*, 'twas done,
He came, when falling downe on both her knees,
Her eyes drown'd all in teares, she opes a booke,
Chardging him read his oaths and promises,
The contract of their hands,hearts,yea and soules,
And askd if *Angelo* would marry her.

Flo. Very good.

Fry. He looking pale as death, said faintly no.

Pisa. Faintly, he then was willing? *Pier.* Pray heare him out.

Fry. Thrice tried: he thrice cried no; At which this Ladie
Desperately snatching from her side two knives,
Had stab'd her selfe to th' heart; but that we knit
Our force against it, what should I doe in this?
Not marry her, or rob her of heavens blisse?
Which glory had bin greater to have tane,
A husband from her, or to have seene her slaine?

Flo. Then you have married her?

Fry. I have. *Pier.* Brave girlie.

Pisa. Ile cut that knot asunder with my sword.

Fry. The hands which heaven hath joyn'd, no man can part.

Fia. The hands they may, but never shall the heart,

Flo. Why didst thou make to him thy promise then?

Fia. Women are borne, but to make fooles of men.
She that's madesure to him, she loves not well,
Her banes are ask'd here, but she wedds in hell;
Parents that match their children against their will,
Teach them not how to live, but how to kill.

Flo. Parrot, Parrot,
Ile stop your prating, breake into her chamber,
And lay the villaine bleeding at her feete.

Dram.

Fia. Villaine? it is my husband. *Flo.* Enter and kill him.

Pier. Enter, but kill him he that dares, I blush
To see two Princes so degenerate

Fia. Oh noble brother!

Pier. What would you have him doe?
He well deserves to have her to his wife;
Who gives to you a daughter, her a life,
In sight of angels she to him was given,

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

So that in striking him, you fight with heaven.

Flo. You see there is no remedie. *Pisa.* Troth none;
I threw at all (and gamesters lucke) all's gone;
Farewell brave spirited girle, he that gainst winde,
Fier and the sea, law and a womans minde,
Strives, is a foole, that's I, Ile now be wise,
And neuer more put trust in womans eyes.

Fia. I love thee for that word with-all my heart.

Flo. Will you come downe pray?

Fia. Sweare as you are a Duke. *Flo.* Yet more a doe.

Pisa. Will you not trust your father?

Fia. Why shoulde I? you see there is no trust i'th'daughter;
Sweare by your hopes of good you will not touch
His naile to hurt him.

Flo. By my hopes I sweare. *Fia.* And you too?

Pisa. Yes, what's falling none can reare.

Fia. Wee come then noble friend, flagg not thy wings,
In this warr I defie a campe of Kings. Exit.

Enter Niccolotto, Tibaldo, Alphonso, Daariene, Alissand, Trebatio.

Flo. See, see, more shoales of friends, most beauteous Ladies,
Faire welcomes to you all.

Nic. My Lord those tides,
Are turn'd, these Ladies are transform'd to brides.

Flo. We heard the happy newes, and therefore sent,
To marry joyes with joyes, yours, with our owne,
Yours (I see) prosper, ours are overthronne.

Nic. How meane you overthrowne? *Enter Angel, Fiametta.*

Flo. Your owne eyes shall be witnesse how:nay, nay, pray rise,
I know your heart is up, tho' your knees downe.

Ang. All that we stand in feare of is your frowne,

Fia. And all deare father which I begge of you,
Is that you love this man but as I doc.

Flo. What begg you of this Prince?

Fia. That he would take

One favour from me, which my selfe shall make.

Pisa. Pray let it be of willow.

Fia. Well then it shall.

Alph. Why willow? is the noble Prince forsaken?

Pier. All womens faults, one for another taken,

The wonder of a Kingdome.

Alp. Now in good sooth my Lord, shee has but vs'd you
As watermen use their fares, for shee look'd one way,
And row'd another, you but wore her glove,
The hand was *Angeloes*, and she dealt wisely.
Let woman ne're iove man, or if she doe,
Let him nere know it, make him write, waite woe,
Court, cogge, and curse, and sweare, and lie, and pine,
Till Love bring him to death's doore, else hee's not mine;
That flesh eateth sweetest that's pick'd close toth' bone,
Water drinkest best, that's hew'd cuen from the stome ;
Men must be put to 't home.

Nico. He that loves ducking, let him come learne of thee.

Flo. Shee has good skill ;
At table will weeheare a full discourse
Of all these changes, and these Marriages,
Both how they shuffled, cut, and dealt about,
What cards are best, after the trumpe were out,
Who plaid false play, who true, who sought to save
An Ace ith bottome, and turn d up a knave ;
For Love is but a Card-play, and all's lost,
Vnlesse you cogg, hee that pack's best, wins most.

Alp. Since such good gamsters are together met,
As you like this, wee'lle play another sett.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

